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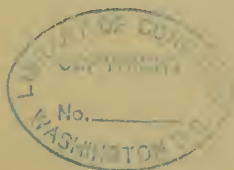
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



STRAY LEAVES.

BY

✓
ALICE A. HOLMES.
"



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PREFACE.

To the patronage of my friends and a generous public, I beg leave to present the following pages, earnestly hoping they may be received with the same kind regard as the little volume entitled *Arcadian Leaves*, published in 1857 and 1858; though, as a literary production, I am well aware they possess but little merit, but trust they may serve to while away a passing hour, when more weighty matter would be distasteful; and my readers will have the pleasing assurance, that while they favor the circulation of these Poems, they will be shedding sunbeams on the dark and lonely path of her who is deprived of one of God's choicest gifts—namely, that of sight. And feeling that further preface is unnecessary, I respectfully submit them to the kind perusal of all who may feel interested.

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Invocation.

Come, gentle muse, inspire my theme,
And tune my silent lyre,
Till ev'ry string shall token give
Of thy poetic fire.
To thy abode I fain would soar,
On light Pagasion wings ;
At Tempe's vale, oh ! let me quaff
The pure Castilian springs.

When twilight fair with rosy shades
Invests the parting day,
Or moonbeams lend to sable night
Their soft and silver ray ;
Or fair Aurora tints the morn
With gems of golden light,
And dusky shadows flit away
That throng the courts of night ;

Or sunbeams kiss the diamond drops
That fell in dewy showers ;
Or light-winged zephyrs break the spell
That binds the dreamy flowers ;
Or birds, in chorus to the skies,
Their matin anthem sing ;
Or shady groves, or forest wilds,
With fairy music ring ;

Or from the noonday's burning ray
I hide in sylvan bower,
To twine the gems in fancy sought,
To deck the passing hour ;

Or sit me down by mem'ry's fount,
 To ponder o'er the past ;
 Or muse o'er visions bright and fair,
 That pleasing shadows cast ;

Or firmer clasp the golden links
 Of friendship's hallowed chain,
 Or chant in numbers soft and sweet
 Some dear, familiar strain ;
 Or love, his pinions gayly waves,
 Or gilded arrow wields,
 Till woo'd and won by his soft art
 My heart submissive yields :—

Then, gentle muse, inspire my theme,
 And tune my silent lyre,
 Till every string shall token give
 Of thy poetic fire.
 To thy abode, oh ! let me soar,
 On light Pagasion wings ;
 At Tempe's vale, oh ! let me quaff
 The pure Castilian springs.



Spring.

HARK ! the gentle Spring is waking !
 Nature, from her long repose,
 And the free, unfettered streamlet,
 Through the vale in beauty flows.

Verdant leaves the trees adorning,
 Opening bud and blossom fair,
 Kiss the laughing beam that lingers
 Like a spirit hov'ring there.

And the zephyrs, softly blowing
 From the South, their odors bring ;
 While the robin sweetly carols,
 Welcome, welcome, gentle Spring.

Lightly danced the hills and meadows,
 And the woods with chorus ring ;
 Pearly dew and showers descending,
 Hail the lowly, laughing Spring.

Fare thee well, oh ! dreary Winter,
 Hence, those icebound regions seek,
 Where the north wind holds his revels
 On the snowclad mountain's peak.



To the Firemen of Jersey City.

ALL hail, noble heroes, brave firemen band !
 Our city's protectors, united ye stand ;
 In the deep hour of night how tranquil our sleep,
 Like sentinels near us a vigil ye keep.
 The warrior may boast of his helmet and shield,
 His bright sword that gleams on the battle's dread field,
 And tell of his triumphs, his trophies of fame,
 And laurels of honor that circle his name ;
 With rapture unbounded your praises I sing,
 From the garden of friendship a chaplet I bring
 Of Spring's early blossoms, sweet violets blue,
 And lilies and roses all spangled with dew.
 When wild reeking flames are ascending in wrath,
 Spreading terror, destruction, and death in your path,
 On, on, like a regiment to conquer its foes,
 See ! the Hook and the Ladder, the Engine and Hose.
 Ye heed not the storm, ye dread not the blast,
 Ye are fearless in danger, and firm to the last ;

Your watchword is onward, and who shall oppose
 The Hook and the Ladder, the Engine and Hose?
 All hail, noble heroes, brave firemen band!
 Our city's protectors, united ye stand;
 Three cheers for your banner, its colors are true,
 'Tis the Flag of Columbia—the Red, White, and Blue!



To Jean.

DEAR Jean, my heart is very sad
 To think that we must part,
 And I no more with fond delight
 May linger where thou art.
 Ah! who, dear Jean, when thou art gone,
 Will be my faithful friend,
 And like an angel robed in light
 My dreary path attend?

When life's dark shadows round me fall,
 And hope's last rays depart,
 Ah! who will then dispel the gloom
 That gathers round my heart?
 In this cold world where shall I find,
 To twine itself with mine,
 A heart so warm, so kind, so true,
 So generous as thine?

Then say, dear Jean, though thou may'st roam
 Far, far away from me,
 The golden links that bind us now
 Unbroken still shall be.
 Oh! how my heart laments to breathe
 With thee the parting knell,
 In heaven at last, oh! may we meet,
 Farewell, dear Jean, farewell!

To A Friend.

Ah! why wilt thou leave us, why bid us adieu,
 While fond hearts around thee beat warmly and true,
 And loved ones are weeping to see thee depart,
 And friends, at thy going, are pierced to the heart?

Ah! why wilt thou leave us, in exile to roam,
 Away from the halo and sunshine of home,
 Where love's sweetest echo falls soft on the ear,
 And friendship grows brightest when sorrow is near?

Ah! why wilt thou leave us, whose hearts are all thine,
 To love thee unchanging, to bow at thy shrine;
 With eager devotion to bask in thy smile,
 And bright links that bind us weave closer the while?

Ah! why wilt thou leave us, to mourn thee in vain,
 So hopeless, despairing of meeting again?
 Why turn from thy kindred, and land of thy birth,
 The scenes of thy childhood, thy school-days, and mirth.

Ah! go not unheeding the hearts that will break,
 While fond tears are falling in grief for thy sake;
 Oh! turn from thy purpose, and dwell in the sphere
 Where warm, glowing circles of loved ones are near.

That when the bright sunbeams that smile on thee now,
 In the twilight of life shall fade from thy brow,
 And softly in death thine eyelids shall close,
 Where thy forefathers sleep there may'st thou repose.



Christmas.

We dream of coming gladness,
 Of melody and song,
 When merry hearts and voices
 Shall joyful notes prolong;

As when to ancient Shepherds,
 On Judah's grassy plain,
 A host of brightest angels
 Announced Messiah's reign.

And glory shone around them,
 As joyously they sang,
 Till vocal earth and heaven
 With sweetest music rang.
 And glad the lonely Shepherds,
 Exulting in His name,
 To greet the infant Saviour
 With eager worship came.

His natal star was beaming
 Along the Eastern skies,
 And, guided by its lustre,
 Came sages, great and wise,
 With gifts of golden incense,
 Their grateful homage paid,
 Though in an humble manger
 The heav'nly babe was laid.

With them, that blissful morning
 We'll hail with songs of mirth,
 Till Christmas Day is hallowed
 In ev'ry clime of earth.
 We'll deck our sacred altars
 With boughs of evergreen,
 And Nature's fairest children
 Shall sweetly bloom between.

And when the bells are chiming,
 We'll seek the house of prayer,
 And strains of choral music
 Shall echo round us there.
 And while our happy dwellings
 Are jubilant with mirth,
 And friends in circles gather
 Around the social hearth;

And festive boards to cheer us
 With varied plenty smile,
 And wishes kind are echoed
 From merry hearts the while ;
 And Christmas trees are blooming
 With sugar plums and toys,
 Which Santa Claus dispenses
 To little girls and boys ;

And bright and smiling faces
 With ardent pleasure glow,
 And children's lisping accents
 In tones of music flow ;
 We'll not forget the absent—
 Our loved ones far away—
 But wish them all the warmer,
 A merry Christmas Day.

Now through the shades of even
 We hail the happy morn,
 When of the Blessed Virgin,
 The Prince of Peace was born.
 And glory in the highest
 We'll to the Father pay ;
 And keep with grateful feelings
 The merry Christmas Day.



To Annie.

FARE thee well, gentle Annie,
 I've woo'd thee in vain. ;
 And now we must sever,
 To meet ne'er again.

How fondly I've loved thee
 No language can tell,
 For round me thou'st woven
 Love's mystical spell.

Now sad and heart-broken,
 I bid thee adieu ;
 In strange lands to wander,
 My life journey through.

But strewn be thy pathway
 With roseate light ;
 And thy future days glide
 Serenely and bright.

Oh ! sometimes think kindly,
 When happy and gay,
 Of him, the poor wanderer,
 Who pines far away.

Deep, deep in my mem'ry
 Thine image shall dwell,
 And blessing thee ever,
 I breathe my farewell !



Autumn.

On gilded wings the summer days,
 Like happy dreams, have fled ;
 The flowers that bloomed so bright and fair,
 Are scentless, withered, dead.
 No longer fall the silent dews,
 Nor rain in sunny showers ;
 And honeyed vines are drooping fast,
 That clad the sylvan bowers.

The rosy dawn is grave and cold,
 And twilight shades are dim ;
 And insects cease their choral song,
 And birds their matin hymn.

And Autumn winds the forest leaves
 Have strewn upon the ground ;
 Where bloomed the wild rose in its prime,
 A trace can scarce be found.

And such is life—with all its charms
 How soon it passes by ;
 To-day, our hearts are light with joy,
 To-morrow, faint and die ;
 And friends we love and cherish best,
 Though fain we'd bid them stay,
 A few more days, or years at most,
 They'll all have passed away.

But hope inspiring bids the soul
 On wings immortal soar,
 And view the land of light and spring,
 Where Autumn comes no more.
 That when like flowers we perish here,
 And pass beyond the tomb,
 We there may dwell with spirits blest,
 Amid eternal bloom.



Sunday.

OH ! hallowed day of peaceful rest,
 We joyful greet thy morning blest ;
 And to thy holy courts repair,
 To offer up our fervent prayer.

To Thee, our heav'nly Father, King,
 Glad anthems of sweet praise we sing.
 And from the book of life divine,
 Wherein Thy priceless treasures shine,

We listen to instruction given
 How we may reach yon blissful heaven,
 Where all is love, and perfect peace,
 And earthborn cares and sorrows cease ;

And tears are wiped from streaming eyes,
 By angels' hands, beyond the skies.
 O God ! in mercy hear our prayer,
 And kindly grant an entrance there.

Dear Lord, while here below we live,
 Our constant thoughts to Thee we'll give ;
 And seek with truthful earnestness,
 To gain eternal happiness.

Then may we reach that verdant shore,
 And dwell with Christ forevermore ;
 With tuneful voice to sing God's praise,
 And happy be through endless days.



My Mother.

O MOTHER dear ! my yearning heart
 In sorrow ever turns to thee.
 And tears of bitter anguish start,
 That thou so far hath passed from me.
 Oh ! from thy radiant home above
 Impart to me thy wonted love.

When hope is dim, and all is dark,
 And friendship's smile grows strangely cold,
 And storms assail my fragile bark,
 Could I thy smiling face behold,
 The cares that strew my way would cease,
 Life's troubled waves be hushed in peace.

How oft in dreams thy gentle kiss
 Is warmly pressed upon my cheek ;
 And o'er me steals a thrill of bliss,
 That mortal language fails to speak.
 While round her form my arms I twine,
 And her fond heart responds to mine.

But when life's fitful dream is o'er,
 And Jordan's flood is safely passed,
 And Canaan's fair and shining shore
 My weary soul has gained at last,
 Where all are free from care and pain,
 I'll hope with thee in bliss to reign.



To My Cousin on Her Birthday.

With joy we hail thy natal day,
 And gather round the social hearth,
 Where life's dark shadows fade away,
 As we recall thy welcome birth ;
 And happy days are brought to mind,
 When we, in childhood's fairy bowers,
 Affection's wreaths together twined,
 As gayly passed the golden hours.

And riper years are cherished still,
 When life was cloudless, bright, and fair,
 When we in fancy roamed at will,
 Through magic castles formed in air.
 How swift those gilded moments fled,
 When all was merry, blithe, and gay,
 And hope a brilliant halo shed
 O'er happy youth's enchanted way.

But time on airy pinions passed,
 And we a change of pleasure felt;
 Love o'er thy heart her spell had cast.
 At Hymen's altar thou had'st knelt ;

With him, thy bright and guiding star,
 Conjugal bliss hath strewn thy way,
 And may no sorrow rise to mar
 Thy pleasure 'till life's closing day.

May length of years on earth be thine,
 With all thy loved ones spent in peace ;
 Thy heart be filled with love divine,
 When life its last fond echoes cease.
 Oft may we hail thy natal day,
 And gather round the social hearth,
 When gloomy shadows fade away,
 As we recall thy welcome birth.

To My Sister.

DEAR sister, words can ne'er express
 My earnest love for thee.
 Thy counsels sweet, thy tender care,
 Forgotten ne'er shall be.

When deep despair, and bitter grief,
 Dark shadows o'er me threw,
 From God's own book thou read'st to me
 Blest promises, and true.

Of heav'nly Father's love divine,
 And treasures rich and rare,
 For all who go in perfect faith
 To Him, with earnest prayer.

And oft I hear the winning tones
 Of thy kind, gentle voice ;
 As in the days of long ago,
 When bidding me rejoice.

Fond mem'ry dear, to me returns,
 With soft, enchanting lays ;
 And sings in strains of music sweet
 The songs of early days.

And though perchance our lot should be
 In life to sever far,
 Unceasing still we'll watch the skies,
 For hope's bright gleaming star.

And 'neath its mild and cheering ray
 We'll weave a mystic spell ;
 Thus shall our hearts in union meet,
 Though far apart we dwell.



Twilight.

In the twilight soft and rosy,
 When the ling'ring shadows fall,
 Dreams of fancy, bright and fairy,
 Banished pleasures, I recall.
 When my heart was warm and tender,
 When it beat so light and free ;
 When it cherished, ah ! how fondly,
 Love's sweet echo caught of thee :

Then, with twilight soft and rosy,
 Swift the light winged zephyrs came,
 Breathing tones of love and poesy,
 Mingled with thy treasured name.
 Then I listened, till enchanted,
 To that sweet and thrilling strain,
 Of thy harp so soft and tender,
 I may never hear again.

Would that twilight soft and rosy,
 When the ling'ring shadows fall,
 Still could bring the scenes of pleasure
 Which in fancy I recall :
 Then my heart still warm, but weary,
 Most devoted, fond should be ;
 Dreaming o'er with pure emotion,
 Love's sweet echo caught of thee.

A Tin Wedding.

We hail your Tin wedding with eager delight,
 And join the glad circle that greets you to-night ;
 And call back the moments we saw you with pride,
 At Hymen's fair altar, made bridegroom and bride.

The pure cup of pleasure, unmingled with tears,
 Hath flown for you sweetly these ten sunny years.
 And strewn with bright roses your pathwhy hath been,
 While joy crowned your labors again and again.

And smiling with plenty your garner are stored,
 And bright is the future your prospects afford,
 When buds ye are training in beauty shall bloom,
 And love's sweetest halo the light of your home.

And while your new nuptials we now must begin,
 We bring you in friendship some presents of Tin ;
 And when their bright lustre by time is defaced,
 With silver untarnished we'll have them replaced ;

And keep your Third wedding with high merry glee,
 And hope that the Fourth one all golden may be.
 And when for another the time rolls around,
 With diamonds most brilliant, oh ! may ye be crowned ;

And bright wreaths of honor around you be twined,
 And friendship unfading your hearts ever bind.
 With fast fleeting years may your pleasures increase,
 And life's ripened harvest be gathered in peace.

A Valentine.

OH! what to me are pleasures fair,
 Or glittering jewels rich and rare ;
 While sad and lonely here I pine,
 For thee, my loving Valentine.
 Away from thee, my life is drear,
 And only bright when thou art near ;
 Oh! then let us our hearts entwine,
 My loved and loving Valentine.

Of thee I muse, when early dawn
 First ushers in the blushing morn.
 At midnight's hour while others sleep,
 Of thee I think and sadly weep.
 For thee I'd stem the tide of death,
 And bless thee with my latest breath.
 For oh! believe me ever thine,
 My only love, and Valentine.



To R. F. B.

I'LL sing to thee, my early friend,
 Of happy days long past ;
 When life's young morn rose clear and bright,
 With scarce a cloud o'ercast.
 And surely thou can'st ne'er forget
 Fair childhood's sunny hours,
 When hand in hand we wandered oft
 In search of summer flowers.
 And daily as in school we met,
 Our studies to pursue,
 And learn of faithful teacher there
 All lessons good and true ;
 To me appears in fancy now,
 The schoolhouse with its bell,
 And groups of faces, here and there,
 That I remember well.

But fleeting time brings change to all,
 Our childish sports were o'er,
 And friend to friend breathed fond adieus,
 To meet perhaps no more !
 But later years, 'midst other scenes,
 We happy met again ;
 And thus renewed the olden bond
 Of friendship's golden chain.
 But broken now the mystic tie
 That bound us heart to heart,
 Yet I can ne'er the past forget,
 Though we must dwell apart.
 For still in dreams thy voice I hear,
 As in the days of old ;
 Before, alas ! we were estranged,
 Or our fond love grown cold.
 And though, dear friend, long years have passed
 Since last I saw thy face,
 From out the shadows of the past
 Thine image bright I trace.
 With laughing eyes of azure hue,
 And ruddy face and fair ;
 With open brow of noble cast
 Beneath thine auburn hair.
 The dream is o'er—the vision fled,
 And I awake with pain,
 To know those happy days of yore
 May ne'er return again.



To the Memory of the Late Daniel Pickens, Jr.

WHY do ye mourn your cherished son,
 Though death has borne him from your sight,
 He hath a crown of glory won,
 And now in realms of purest light,
 With all the hosts of saints above,
 He sings the blest Redeemer's love.

How sweet to him the message came,
 That called him hence, and soothed his pain ;
 He long had loved the Saviour's name,
 And hoped with Him in bliss to reign,
 Where grief and pain forever cease,
 And all is joy, and love, and peace.

With pensive eye, and patient smile,
 He saw the fading hopes of youth ;
 And turning to the cross the while,
 He sought the gospel's hallowed truth,
 That Jesus there was crucified,
 And for his sins had bled and died.

Then cease, oh ! cease your son to mourn,
 Who hath the lonely valley trod,
 And is by brightest angels borne
 To dwell immortal with his God ;
 Where sorrow, pain, and death are o'er,
 And ye may meet to part no more.

O Daniel ! o'er the hallowed ground,
 Where we have laid thee down to sleep,
 Like Mary, will we oft be found,
 And tears of fondest mem'ry weep.
 And hope with thee at length to rise,
 To meet the Saviour in the skies.



To Company C, Sixth Regiment, N. J. Volunteers,

WHILE IN THE FIELD.

YE sons of New Jersey
 On, on to the fray,
 Where focmen are gathered
 In battle array,

The Union to sever,—
 Dark plans they have laid,
 And Sumter has fallen!
 But be not dismayed.

With Army and Navy,
 And brave volunteers,
 We'll vanquish the rebels
 In less than three years.
 Be true to the Union,
 And stand by her laws,
 And conquer or perish
 In Liberty's cause.

Oh! bear the bright standard
 Of freedom afar,
 Unfurled to the breeze
 Each stripe and each star,
 'Till again o'er our land,
 "The home of the brave,
 The star-spangled banner
 In triumph shall wave!"

Success to each regiment,
 All hail to the Sixth,
 Whose colonels and captains
 Will find out the tricks
 Of treason and traitors,
 And put them to flight,
 With bayonets now flashing
 In Liberty's light.

If e'er in great matters
 Ye should not agree,
 Go straight to the captain
 Of Company C,
 Who all your dilemmas
 At once will perceive,
 And by his wise counsel
 Your errors retrieve.

A right gallant captain,
 And brave man is Hughes ;
 Whose well-given orders
 None dare to refuse.
 Van Riper and Howeth
 Are valiant and true,
 Determined, like heroes,
 Their duty to do.

And woe to the traitor
 Whose lot it may be
 To fall in collision
 With Company C,
 Whose love for the Union
 Is stronger than life ;
 Their watchword is conquer,
 Or die in the strife.

Then, sons of New Jersey,
 On, on to the fray,
 Where foemen are gathered
 In battle array.
 Hunt down the foul traitors,
 And drive them afar ;
 Hurl back with confusion
 Their weapons of war.

And when on the ramparts
 Ye gallantly stand,
 Deal death to the foe,
 Whose traitorous hand
 Assailed the fair Flag,
 That's destined to wave
 "O'er the land of the free,
 And home of the brave!"

Winter.

WHERE are the long, bright summer hours,
 When Nature's brow was wreathed in smiles ;
 When beauty decked the sylvan bowers,
 And music cheered the forest wilds ?
 Gone—like the murmur of a stream ;
 A whispered tone, a passing dream.

From Arctic regions, wild and bleak,
 Lo ! winter comes with giant form ;
 Bids ocean waves in anger speak,
 Calls up the wind, awakes the storm ;
 And laughs in triumph while he sees
 The sunflakes on the leafless trees.

No longer sings the babbling brook,
 Nor wanders down the vine-clad hill ;
 Cold, cold and stern, with rigid look,
 He holds enchained the mountain rill ;
 Nor from his revel turns to hear
 The farewell of the parting year.

He hath no sigh for want or woe,
 For helpless age or childhood weak.
 He doth but mark the tears that flow,
 To freeze them on the wasted cheek.
 Creeps o'er the frame his chilly breath,
 Till ev'ry pulse is still in death !

Our joys are like a summer day.
 How bright the gilded moments seem,
 When all is merry, blithe, and gay,
 And life is like a waveless stream ;
 While we in fancy's fairy boat,
 Along the crystal waters float.

Yet, as the fragrant blossom dies,
 So must our pleasures fade at last ;
 Our fondest hopes, and dearest ties,
 Like leaves fall shivering in the blast.
 Crushed by the blighting hand of care,
 The heart's lone winter who can bear ?

We mark the spot where loved ones sleep,
 'Tis hallowed by affection's tears.
 And thus will faithful mem'ry weep,
 And watch the grave of buried years ;
 And from the silent depths below,
 See violets bloom beneath the snow.

The heart's lone winter who could bear,
 Were not the sacred promise given,
 The pure, the good, shall rise to share
 A crown of life and joy in heaven ?
 Then why, oh ! why their loss deplore,
 Our kindred on that radiant shore ?

To Libbie.

FAIR girl, thy warm and youthful heart
 With ardor kindles mine ;
 Fain would I plight my vows to thee,
 At friendship's holy shrine.

May gentle hope, and visions bright,
 Illume thy gliding hours,
 And pleasure bring the sweetest buds
 That blossom in his bowers.

And when the twilight of thy day
 Fades in the gloom of even,
 Oh ! may thy spirit plume its wings,
 And joyful soar to heaven.

A Soliloquy.

LIKE the playful beams reflected
 From the skies serenely bright,
 Love and friendship fondly twining,
 Sparkle on my path to-night.
 Once again, the voice of mem'ry
 Bids the song of gladness flow,
 Wreathing in her fairest garlands
 Treasured scenes of long ago.
 Like the music of a streamlet,
 Now her silvery cadence falls,
 Friends and patrons here assembled,
 Welcome, welcome one and all.
 Loving hearts are warmly beating,
 Smiles adorn each kindly face,
 Fancy paints a glowing picture
 Which these eyes can never trace.
 But my thoughts awhile must wander
 From a scene so bright and gay,
 To the rolling din of battle,
 To the loved ones far away.
 Still our country, torn and bleeding,
 Mourns her countless heroes slain,
 Those who fought beneath her banner,
 Hearts that ne'er shall throb again.
 On New Jersey's verdant bosom,
 Where her drooping willows wave,
 Sleep her heroes, gently guarded
 By the Flag they died to save.
 Gamble, Howeth, Hughes, and Witherall,
 Tears bedew each hallowed name ;
 Not a single leaf shall wither
 From the laurels of their fame.
 Hail! New Jersey, strong and faithful,
 Keeping still thy weapons bright,
 Hundreds wait their country's signal,
 Thou hast armed them for the fight.
 Must the tree our fathers planted,
 Bloom in loveliness no more ?

Must its branches fade and languish,
 Will the battle ne'er be o'er?
 Thou, who once didst hush the tempest,
 When the waves were wild and dark,
 Save from utter desolation,
 Save our Union's shattered bark!

Light of Other Days.

In the midnight dark and gloomy,
 Fondly musing o'er the past,
 When enchanting pleasures bound me
 To the scenes that could not last,

By my bedside, light and airy
 Lingering footsteps seem to fall ;
 Forms familiar hover round me,
 Pleasing shadows grace the wall.

Then, in accents soft and tender,
 Voices still to mem'ry dear,
 Breathing tones of fond affection,
 Sweetly fall upon mine ear.

Then methinks my dearest mother,
 Dwelling now in realms of bliss,
 Twines her loving arms about me,
 Greet me with a gentle kiss.

And my father, long departed,
 Now his smiling face I see,
 With his manner kind as ever,
 Kindly still caressing me.

And my brothers, loved and cherished,
 Though in exile now they roam,
 Seem to join the broken circle,
 Clasping once our happy home.

And my sisters, kind and gentle,
 Hail the wonders with delight ;
 While in vacent spaces rising,
 Absent friends appear in sight.

Thus, the midnight dark and gloomy,
 Sheds for me the brightest rays ;
 While in fancy almost real,
 Comes the light of other days.



Lines

ON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED CAPTAIN JAMES W. HUGHES.

HARK! hark! whence do these mournful echoes come?
 Why tolls the bell, and rolls the muffled drum?
 Why moves the crowd with slow and measured tread,
 To the dark portals of the lonely dead?
 A wail of anguish rends the trembling air—
 The brave, the strong, a badge of mourning wear.

A noble warrior sleeps on yonder bier :
 How brief, yet brilliant, was his high career!
 His sword is sheathed, his weary march is done ;
 His eye is closed, the goal of heaven is won.
 Lo! Freedom gently folds her starry wings,
 And o'er his brow a fadeless garland flings.

Who now shall cheer his gallant soldier band,
 And lead them forth with mild, yet firm command ;
 Or praise their courage, when the fight is o'er?
 Well may their stricken hearts his loss deplore ;
 How oft in tears, they gathered round his bed,
 Ere his pure spirit from its casket fled.

And one there is, whose heart was all his own ;
 In vain she listens for his soothing tone ;
 It comes no more—her dearest hopes are crushed ;
 The harp of love in deepest sorrow hushed.
 Oh ! blissful thought—there is a tranquil shore,
 A world of peace, where parting is no more.

Pause, O New Jersey ! o'er his silent grave,
 'There let the evergreen in beauty wave.
 Tell of his precious worth, his deeds of fame,
 And cherish still the mem'ry of his name.
 While bird and blossom, and the fragrant air,
 United blend their sweetest music there.



It Never Bloomed Again.

ALONE upon its slender stem
 A pure white daisy grew.
 I saw its opening leaves at morn,
 Impearled with sparkling dew.

The breeze came stealing o'er the dell,
 To catch its tender sigh ;
 A fountain blessed the timid flower,
 And murmured gently by.

It drooped beneath a burning sun,
 And while the eye of day
 Yet laughed amid the golden west,
 The daisy passed away.

The showers their balmy drops distilled,
 The zephyr woo'd in vain ;
 Ah ! like the hopes too fondly nursed,
 It never bloomed again.

A mother plied her busy hands,
 Her heart was full of joy,
 A child was playing at her feet,
 Her blue-eyed, only boy.

The last of all her jewels bright,
 The fairest too was he.
 O heaven! she cried, in mercy spare
 This precious one to me.

Yet there the pale destroyer came,
 His fingers, cold and chill,
 Were clasped around that fragile form ;
 The pulse of life was still.

And o'er the idol of her heart
 The mother wept in vain.
 Ah! like the daisy in the wood,
 He never bloomed again.

A maiden at the altar knelt,
 Her lover by her side.
 The solemn words their lips had passed ;
 She was a soldier's bride.

And in the ranks of danger wild,
 His native land to save,
 He nobly fought, he proudly fell,
 And shared a hero's grave.

But what to her that victor's wreath ?
 It could not soothe the pain ;
 The star that lit her path went out,
 And never shone again.

How oft in life's meand'ring scenes
 A gentle voice we hear,
 Whose accents fall in liquid tones
 Of music on the ear.

A word, a sigh, a glance of love,
 May thrill our ev'ry vein ;
 But, oh! the heart if broken once,
 Will never love again.

Oh! let me look for purer joys,
 Where friendship cannot die ;
 And roses breathe their odors sweet,
 In vales beyond the sky.

There is a joy for ev'ry grief,
 A smile for ev'ry pain,
 And hearts that weep in sorrow here,
 Shall never weep again.



To Maggie.

With loving hands, dear girl,
 A wreath I'll fondly twine
 Of friendship's fairest flowers,
 To offer at thy shrine.
 And though wild storms arise,
 And clouds obscure thy way,
 Their fragrance fresh and sweet
 Through time shall ne'er decay.

Oh! may thy fragile bark
 Glide smoothly o'er life's sea,
 And all thy future years
 From sorrow e'er be free.
 And when around thy heart,
 Now joyous, light, and gay,
 Steals love's enchanting dream,
 May it ne'er fade away.

Dear Maggie, now to thee
 My friendship warm I give ;
 And fondly hope and trust
 Still in thy heart to live.
 Perchance our lot may be
 To sever far and wide ;
 But let us constant prove,
 Whatever may betide.

A Brother Lost at Sea.

Oh! say, ye winds, that softly blow,
 What tidings do you bear
 From seas whereon my brother sails?
 Or have ye not been there?

Alas! ye seem to whisper low,
 We bring a gentle breeze;
 The hoarser, stronger winds belong
 To far-off stormy seas.

Then say, ye stars, that nightly gaze
 In silence o'er the sea,
 Are ye with no commission charged
 Of brother's love to me?

Ah me! ye seem to answer, no,
 And dip your brilliant light
 Far in the deep blue inky skies,
 And gleaming, say good night.

But thou, night's fair, majestic queen,
 That gives the seamen light,
 Hast thou no news from distant seas,
 Or word from waters bright?

Alas! to me, thy soft response
 Is whispered in the breeze;
 Though I am known in ev'ry clime,
 I bear no tales of seas.

But what say'st thou, great king of day,
 When dancing o'er the wave,
 Did'st thou no gallant vessel spy,
 Manned by young seamen brave?

How noble looked that gallant ship,
 That held my brother's form;
 As o'er the boundless main she sped,
 Like lightning through the storm.

Ah me, ah me ! thy steady gaze
 Is on the ocean's breast,
 As if by gestures thou wouldst say,
 There in the deep he rests.

And now to me the seabird's scream
 Is wafted o'er the surge ;
 Oh ! I will join with her and sing
 His melancholy dirge.

THE DIRGE.

Oh ! fare thee well, young seaman brave,
 For thou didst nobly stand
 While mighty winds the billows tossed,
 And drove thy bark from land.

But oh ! at length a mighty wave
 Thy manly form o'erthrew ;
 And now thou sleep'st in ocean's grave,
 Beside thy gallant crew.

Here rest ye, oh ! my brother, rest,
 Till the resurrection morn ;
 The sea shall then give up her dead,
 That to her depths are borne.



Good Night.

Good night ! I would that I were near,
 To whisper softly in thine ear,
 The thoughts that once that little word,
 Within my throbbing bosom stirred ;
 When from thine own dear lips it fell,
 Like music from some fairy dell,
 Or from those palmy isles that sleep
 In beauty, on the pearly deep.
 Good night ! the echo haunts me yet ;

And when my soul, oppressed with sadness,
 Would turn in silence, and forget
 Its anguish, in a dream of gladness,
 That halcyon eve whose mystic spell,
 Perchance we both remember well,
 Comes o'er me, like some distant ray,
 The herald of a happier day.
 Good night! 'tis murmured soft and low,
 As when in silvery accents spoken;
 Ah! it has left, too well I know,
 A charm that never can be broken.
 For thou hast taught by that sweet tone,
 My heart to twine around thine own.
 That love, with more than earthly power,
 Shall keep me ever at thy side,
 Though fortune frowns, though tempests low'r,
 Together we will stem the tide.
 Good night! how oft in happier hours,
 We've sported with the summer flowers,
 And when at dewy twilight's close,
 Their balmy breath like incense rose
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 How gently hast thou said good night.
 And still confiding, would I rest
 This head upon thy faithful breast,
 And feel while fondly pillowed there,
 That life had scarce one cloud of care.
 Good night; and may thy slumber be
 Pure as the wish I breathe for thee.



Written on Leaving the New York Institution for the Blind.

ADIEU, adieu, my long-loved home,
 Where genial spirits dwell!
 For I must bid thy hearth and halls,
 This day, a sad farewell.

Thy vesper bell will peal at eve,
 But not, alas! for me ;
 For I shall be alone and sad,
 Far, far away from thee !

Adieu, adieu, my guide beloved,
 I may no longer share
 Your kind regards, your patient toil,
 Your ever watchful care.
 Oh! fain with you I'd linger still,
 And more of knowledge gain ;
 But 'tis decreed that I must go,
 The wish to stay is vain.

Adieu, adieu, companions dear,
 My sisters, brothers, friends ;
 This day completes my stay with you,
 This day our union ends.
 But oh! how can I, can I bear,
 To hear that death-like knell,
 That bids me tear my heart away
 From those I love so well!

Adieu, adieu, it must be so !
 The moment now is near,
 That bids me haste from you away,
 My long-loved schoolmates dear ;
 When ye this eve at vespers meet,
 To chant a carol lay,
 Oh! breathe a heart-felt prayer for her
 Who will be far away.

Adieu, adieu, ye noble sires,
 Whose philanthropic hearts
 Have formed a plan, that e'en the blind
 May learn the useful arts.
 Expressions fit your praise to speak,
 I know not where to find ;
 May God reward your efforts made,
 To educate the blind.

Adieu, adieu, to golden hours,
 That learning did employ,
 And gave for ev'ry moment's toil,
 A sweet reward of joy ;
 For they will be no longer mine,
 My school-day dreams are o'er ;
 For dearer should I prize them now,
 Could they return once more.

Adieu, adieu, to morning walks,
 Along the Hudson's side,
 Where oft amid the rocks we heard
 The music of the tide ;
 And wanderings at twilight hour,
 Through grove, by hill, and stream,
 That I have ever fondly prized,
 But dearer now they seem.

Adieu, adieu, to music's charm,
 From it I too must part ;
 Much shall I miss its magic power
 To soothe my lonely heart.
 Adieu, ye birds at early dawn,
 That near my casement sung ;
 While all around, the waking flowers
 Their soft, sweet odors flung.

Adieu, adieu, ye trees, and shrubs,
 And pleasant playground all ;
 A voice for me is calling now,
 From yonder spacious hall.
 This stately domicile demands
 A parting farewell too ;
 But oh ! 'tis sad to all we've loved,
 At once to bid adieu !

Adieu, adieu, my cloister home,
 With all thy hallowed ties ;
 The precepts thou hast given me,
 Most dearly shall I prize.

Trials, perchance, await me now,
 I know not yet my lot ;
 But be it weal, or be it woe,
 Thou shalt not be forgot.

Adieu, once more, ye loved ones all !
 Forgive these gushing tears,
 And all the wrongs I you have done,
 Through happy bygone years.
 Still in your hearts, oh ! let me live,
 Till ye are called to die ;
 Oh ! now they lead me to the gate !
 Loved home—good-by—good-by !



The Child and the Bird.

A BEAUTIFUL child with flaxen hair
 Stood watching a bird, with its plumage fair ;
 And it gayly sang in its artless glee,
 Come hither, come hither and play with me.

For the fields are green, and the meadows fair,
 Beautiful child with flaxen hair ;
 Thy life from sorrow like mine is free ;
 Come hither, come hither and play with me.

I wake with the light of the morning hours,
 I sip the sweets of the dewy flowers,
 I carol my song from tree to tree,
 Come hither, come hither and play with me.

I bathe my wings in a crystal brook,
 That murmurs along in a shady nook.
 My song though brief, is a song of glee ;
 Come hither, come hither and play with me.

Beautiful bird, cried the lisping child,
 And she clapped her hands as she gayly smiled.
 And the bird sang on in its artless glee,
 Come hither, come hither and play with me.



The Disappointment.

'Twas Christmas eve, the fair and crescent moon,
 With silvery sheen illumed the brow of night ;
 And through the floating clouds of azure hue,
 Her starry train with brilliant lustre gleamed.
 And clad in ample robes of purest white,
 With graceful waving evergreens adorned.
 While icy chains each lake and river bound,
 And moaning winds in quiet slumber hushed,
 The tranquil earth awaits the festive day.
 When gathered round the bright and social hearth,
 Where glowing coals a pleasing halo shed,
 An aged mother with her household sits ;
 And all but she, with light and joyous hearts,
 The happy eve of merry Christmas keep.
 But o'er her furrowed brow a shadow steals.
 Her heart is sad ; and in her mild, clear eye,
 Scarce dimmed by lapse of threescore years and ten,
 A teardrop glistens she would fain conceal ;
 While ever and anon, with a sweet smile,
 Soft as the wavy rays of rosy light,
 That tinge the placid face of dewy morn,
 She fondly gazes on the merry group,
 Circling the blazing hearth of the old home.
 And still, her yearning heart from hope deferred
 With grief o'erflows—one loved one is not there.
 Her youngest boy has wandered from his home,
 And long and changing years have intervened,
 Since she with pride, his smiling face beheld ;
 Now far away, on west Pacific shore,

Her darling son in lonely exile roams ;
 But tidings late have herald his return ;
 For her dear sake he would his steps retrace.
 On Christmas Day, when man to God on high,
 With glowing heart, his grateful homage pays,
 He will return, and in his early home,
 With friends beloved, enjoy the happy feast.
 What wonder if that mother's heart desponds ?
 What wonder if her fondest hope grows dim ?
 The shades of eve have deepened into night ;
 And all in quiet slumber seek repose,
 While round the vacant hearth fantastic shapes
 Their nightly vigils keep, till early dawn,
 When sweetly chiming bells in joyous tones,
 Proclaim the hallowed morn as when of old,
 To shepherds who in Judah's ancient fields
 Abiding, watched their flocks with tender care,
 A host of shining angels from the sky,
 In sweetest strains announced Messiah's birth.
 'Tis Christmas day, and each with smiling face,
 And glowing heart, their mother fondly greets ;
 While she their look of happiness returns,
 Though anxious thoughts are throbbing in her breast.
 And now the feast begins—the merry dance,
 The joyous song, reëcho through the hall.
 Anon the festive board is richly spread ;
 And round its smiling cheer as oft before,
 The joyous guest, the household circle join.
 But grief is there—one seat is vacant still ;
 Ah me ! that mother's heart is crushed and sad.
 Despair is on her brow ; her eye grows dim :
 And down her pallid cheek the hot tears fall,
 While hope's fair star is setting in her soul.
 But time glides on—the day is past its close ;
 Behind the western hills the sun hath hid
 His last bright beam, his gentle parting ray,
 And dusky eve gives place to silent night.
 And high in yonder blue ethereal sky,
 Her fair celestial queen, with all her stars,
 Rides slowly upward, through their path of light ;

And still no step is heard, no wanderer comes!
 And she, whose heart with patience long had striven
 Its grief to bear, and hope a happier time,
 Must yield at last; but when the storm arose,
 And clouds were darkest, he whose voice divine
 Rebuked the winds, and bid the waves be still,
 Spoke words of comfort to her fainting soul,
 And on the Rock of Ages firm she stood.
 The Christmas season o'er, health declined;
 And ere the early Spring, with genial sun
 Unchained the limpid streams, and decked the lawn,
 A sigh was heard—a prayer of faith resigned,
 A prayer for him o'er whom her heart had yearned,
 That God would keep him, with his gracious eye.
 And thus her gentle spirit passed away,
 On seraph pinions winged its rapid flight;
 Where angel's choral harps in glory wake,
 She joins the anthem of eternal praise.



Retrospect.

AH ME! what varied shadows rise,
 When turning to the past,
 Of vanished hopes, of riven ties,
 Of scenes too bright to last.
 Of blooming youth, of hoary sage,
 Now passed beyond the tomb;
 Of bright success that marked the age,
 Inshrouded all in gloom.

Of Stars and Stripes, our country's Flag!
 Assailed by rebel hands.
 O'er Sumter floats a paltry rag,
 Upraised by traitor hands.
 Sweet peace her holy light withdraws,
 While discord hovers near;
 And foes to freedom's sacred laws,
 In hostile ranks appear.

No more where faces full of glee
 Made bright the cottage hearth,
 And children climbed their father's knee,
 Are heard the notes of mirth.
 This glorious Union to divide
 Base projects have been laid,
 And dire rebellion far and wide
 Has fearful havoc made.

And fair Virginia's sacred ground
 By rebel armies trod,
 And dreadful war cries echo round
 Mount Vernon's hallowed sod.
 And threats against the capital
 Have floated on the air ;
 Yes! Beauregard and Davis still—
 Would storm it if they dare.

Of Ellsworth, Lyon, Baker, all,
 Bright visions still we see,
 Who first obeyed their nation's call,
 And died to leave her free.
 And Haggerty, and Cameron—
 Brave heroes, where are they?
 Fallen—among the mighty dead
 Those gallant chieftains lay.

O'er friend and brother, son and sires,
 The eye of mem'ry weeps ;
 And hope deferred, in grief expires,
 Where love her vigil keeps.
 Oh! heaven rest the mighty dead,
 And bless the living brave ;
 And where our dauntless heroes bled,
 May treason find a grave.

And though our hearts with anguish yearn
 For those in battle slain,
 Oh! let us to the future turn,
 Where hope may dawn again.

And ere another changing year
 Shall wing her rapid flight,
 May these dark shadows disappear,
 And all again be bright.

And peace like sunlight through the gloom
 Her wonted halo fling,
 And back to ev'ry heart and home
 The love of Union bring.
 And may our starry banner bright
 Still float o'er land and sea ;
 Revolting States again unite
 In love and liberty.



To a Bereaved Family.

Why do ye mourn ?
 Though far from your circle that loved one has fled,
 And softly ye've laid him to sleep with the dead,
 His spirit with rapture in transports of love,
 Has joined the glad anthems of angels above.
 Why do ye mourn ?

In yonder skies,
 How sweet the transition, from turmoil to peace,
 Where sighing and sorrow forever shall cease ;
 And kindred with kindred united again,
 With Jesus their Saviour forever to reign,
 In yonder skies.

Cease ye to weep.
 May love dry the tears ye cannot control,
 And the fair star of hope illumine each soul.
 May faith to the mourner her pinions unfold,
 And the God of all comfort your anguish behold.
 Cease ye to weep.

Lonely and sad !

Alas ! for the maiden whose fond heart is crushed,
And love's gentle accent in sorrow is hushed.
The wreath for her bridal another may wear,
While deep weeds of mourning encircle her hair.

Lonely and sad.

Loved ones adieu ;

May angels of mercy be missioned with light
To strew o'er your pathway through sorrow's dark night ;
And when the lone valley of death we have trod,
May we meet all redeemed in the presence of God.

Loved ones adieu.



Will Father Come To-Day ?

A boy with dimpled cheek,
And curls of auburn hair,
Stood musing by his cottage door,
With sad and thoughtful air.
His little toys were thrown aside ;
And weary of his play,
He gently murmured half aloud,
Will father come to-day ?

What makes my mother look so pale,
And sit alone and weep ?
Why does she call my father's name
So wildly in her sleep ?
He told us when we saw him last,
He'd not be long away.
He said I was a sailor's boy ;
Will father come to-day ?

I watched the ship with snow white sails,
That bore him o'er the sea.
I wish the summer winds would bring
My father back to me.

I do not care to spin my top ;
 I cannot laugh or play ;
 I think of father all the while ;
 I wish he'd come to-day.

The simple language of the boy
 Had reached an anxious ear ;
 It must be done—she faintly said,
 And staid the gathering tear.
 She clasped him to her breaking heart,
 God gave her strength to say,
 Thy father sleeps beneath the wave !
 He will not come to-day.



Maid of the Mountain.

A SERENADE.

SWEET maid of the mountain, come hither to me,
 The roses are watching and waiting for thee ;
 Then come with thy footsteps so joyous and light,
 And give me, oh ! give me thy promise to-night.

I'll sing to thee, dearest, the songs that we love ;
 I'll sing of a cottage—a home in the grove.
 Of guileless affection, unsullied and bright ;
 Then give me, oh ! give me thy promise to-night.

Sweet maid of the mountain, say wilt thou be mine ?
 Then why wilt thou leave me in sorrow to pine ?
 My earth star of beauty, unclouded and bright,
 Come give me, oh ! give me thy promise to-night.

Sweet maid of the mountain, come hither to me,
 The roses are watching and waiting for thee :
 Then come with thy footsteps so joyous and light,
 And give me, oh ! give me thy promise to-night.

To an Aged Friend.

THOUGH time with care hath shaded
 Thy once bright sunny brow,
 And from thine eye hath faded
 The light it lacketh now ;
 And age with silver tresses
 Hath twined thy glossy hair,
 And from thy cheek hath banished
 The bloom it used to wear.

And though thy step is languid,
 And years have bowed thy form,
 Thy hands, though never idle,
 No weary task perform.
 Yet in thy pleasant features
 A tender heart we trace ;
 And beams of fond affection
 Adorn thy placid face.

Thy words so kind and gentle,
 Thy voice still soft and sweet,
 That I, with child's devotion,
 Could linger at thy feet ;
 Could listen while its music
 Falls gently on mine ear ;
 And fancy in my gladness
 A mother still is near.

To make thy loved ones happy,
 May heaven preserve thee long !
 Then waft thy tranquil spirit
 To join the angels' song.
 Accept the wish I tender,
 'Tis from a friend sincere ;
 A pledge of pure affection,
 Bedewed with mem'ry's tear.

Childhood.

THE stormy clouds have passed away,
 Like gloomy shades of night.
 The golden sun in genial rays
 Sheds forth her brilliant light.

And gentle spring, with balmy breath,
 Perfumes the passing gale ;
 And lulls to sleep the shrieking blast
 Of winter's loudest wail.

And clothes again the sloping hills
 In robes of fairest green,
 And decks with lilies pure and white
 The vales that lie between.

And woos the tender buds and flowers,
 To grace the rural cot,
 'Till lovely June with roses twines
 The sweet forget-me-not.

And forest wild, and sylvan shade,
 Are vocal with her song.
 And birds, rejoicing in her smile,
 Their sweetest notes prolong.

Thus, all is sunny, clear, and bright,
 As childhood's morning fair,
 Ere summer's bloom, or winter's night,
 Had filled the heart with care.



A Dream.

I LOOKED on the stars above,
 As they jewelled the brow of night,
 And they seemed like angel eyes of love,
 With their mild, unclouded light.

Then softly my eyelids closed,
 I was lost in a pleasing dream ;
 And I thought in that hour of sweet repose,
 I stood by a winding stream.

And a little bark drew near,
 Like a sylph on the sparkling tide ;
 And far away o'er the waters clear,
 In a moment I seemed to glide.
 There were fragrant flowers that grew
 On the bank of that quiet stream,
 And I watched a cloud in its varied hue,
 As it played with a starlit beam.

But soon was my fragile bark
 O'er a trackless ocean tossed.
 The stars were gone ! the night was dark,
 And hope herself was lost.
 The vivid lightning flashed,
 The thunder pealed aloud ;
 And I seemed to look on a watery shroud,
 As the billows madly dashed.

But a change came o'er the scene.
 The storm was lulled to sleep ;
 And the moon looked forth from the skies serene,
 And smiled on the tranquil deep.
 Then upward I seemed to rise ;
 I was borne on the wings of air,
 To a land where beauty never dies,
 Nor shadow of night is there.

I was clothed in a robe of white,
 And a harp to my hand was given ;
 And I looked on the forms of the angels bright,
 And they told me that land was heaven.
 One sweet, transcendent strain,
 On my ear enraptured broke ;
 And my spirit was wafted to earth again,
 And I from that dream awoke.

To the Memory of the Late Peter Stilsing.

THOUGH we have softly laid thee down to sleep,
 Where calm and peaceful rest the weary dead ;
 Our hearts shall still thy fondest mem'ry keep,
 While o'er thy tomb affection's tears we shed.

Yet upward to the rest of saints above,
 In faith and hope we lift our streaming eyes ;
 That thither borne on seraph wings of love,
 Thy spirit dwells immortal in the skies.

Life's weary march is o'er, the fight is done,
 The faith is kept, the lonely valley passed.
 Thou hast a golden crown of glory won,
 And Canaan's happy shore is reached at last

And though in sorrow here, we say farewell,
 In realms of bliss we hope to meet again,
 Where holy saints, with bright archangels dwell,
 And all the host above with Jesus reign.



A Reminiscence of the First Battle of Bull Run.

NIGHT's dusky shadows o'er the distant hills
 On airy pinions softly sped away,
 And rosy tints along the orient skies
 Sublimely tell the near approach of day.
 The woodland choir awake their natal song,
 Along the dewy vale their echoes sweet,
 Still on the ground our wearied troops recline,
 Wrapped in a quiet and unbroken sleep.
 But hark! the distant clash of cymbals loud !
 The booming cannon, and the stirring drum,
 The bugle and the trumpet's fearful blast.
 The foe! the traitor foe, they come, they come !
 The General starts—and wakes his gallant band ;
 Up! soldiers, up! your bleeding country save,
 Or there, each loyal heart shall find a grave !

He speaks, and at his post each warrior stands :
 A moment hails the morning's early breath,
 Then to the field of carnage and of strife
 Forward they march, to victory or death !
 On with impetus speed the foe advance,
 With sword, and spear, and bay'net gleaming bright,
 And shouts that echo through the forest deep ;
 They halt—they charge—now roars the dreadful fight,
 And still our troops their proud position hold,
 Though shot and shell in dread confusion fly.
 And one there was, amid that gallant band,
 A youth, conspicuous to each wondering eye.
 How glows his bosom with heroic fire !
 He sees Columbia's starry banner wave.
 With vigorous arm his glittering sword he wields,
 For that dear Flag, the ensign of the brave.
 O cruel shaft!—thy deadly aim was sure ;
 Thy victim falls convulsed with torturing pain ;
 Now streams the life-blood from a fatal wound ;
 They bear him hence—all human aid is vain.
 Upon a grassy mound his head reclines ;
 His pulse grows faint—its throb will soon be o'er.
 The Flag ! the Flag ! with all his strength he cries,
 Then, like a star, he sinks to rise no more.
 Tears, burning tears bedew the sacred urn,
 Where love and friendship still their vigil keep.
 Green be the sod that wraps his youthful form,
 And bright the orbs that watch his silent sleep.



Ah ! Why Dost Thou Linger ?

AH ! why dost thou linger in climes far away ?
 My heart is so weary, so sad at thy stay.
 I pray for thee nightly, and dream of the past,
 When o'er the bright future no shadow was cast ;
 And hope in her zenith shone bright o'er the way
 Where perfumed with roses our sunny path lay.

How pure were the pleasures that circled us then!
 Ah! when will their halo enshrine us again?
 I pine for thee daily, and droop in despair,
 That never more softly will fall on mine ear,
 Those sweet thrilling accents, so tender with love,
 They seem like the whispers of angels above.

Ah! why dost thou linger in climes far away?
 My heart is so weary, so sad at thy stay.
 My lute is neglected, its sweet tones are hushed;
 My bright dreams are faded, my fond hopes are crushed.
 Life's charms have all vanished, its sunshine hath fled,
 And friends that were fondest now sleep with the dead!

Ah! why dost thou linger in climes far away?
 My heart is so weary, so sad at thy stay.
 I pray for thee nightly, and sigh for the past,
 When o'er the bright future no shadow was cast.
 But life's dream is over, and fond ties are riven,
 And sweet is the promise of meeting in heaven.



Recollections of a Sunday Spent in New Haven, Conn.

'Twas Sunday morn—the orb of day
 In all his splendor shone,
 The reddened leaves upon the ground
 The autumn winds had strewn.

And holy peace and quiet reigned
 O'er valley, hill, and field,
 'Till sweet and clear the hallowed bell
 In tones of music pealed.

The house of God with eager step
 His faithful children sought.
 The bell had ceased—the organ's tone
 The sacred echoes caught.

The music hushed, the people rose,
 And holy words were read ;
 Then lowly knelt with hearts devout,
 And one confession said.

And absolution was pronounced
 To all who truly turn,
 Like erring sheep, from wandering paths,
 The Saviour's name to learn.

And then in words that Jesus taught,
 Still kneeling at His shrine,
 Together in one voice addressed
 The Father most divine.

The Psalmter then responsive read,
 And chants and anthems sung,
 'Till vocal all that holy place
 With heav'nly music rung.

The lessons read, the service o'er,
 The hallowed worship done,
 In earnest tones that pierce the heart,
 The Preacher thus begun :

A message from the Lord I have,
 To all who hear my voice.
 If ye be on His side to-day
 Make Him your happy choice.

And rising with his sacred theme,
 Commissioned from above,
 He told of Jesus crucified,
 In winning words of love ;

'Till every soul was bowed in grief,
 And through repentant tears
 Besought the Lord to melt their hearts,
 And banish all their fears.

Oh ! never till my latest breath,
 Shall I forget that hour.
 It truly seemed that God was there,
 In mercy, love, and power.

An Answer,

TO A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

Ah! yes, there's a place in my mem'ry,
 Beloved one, for thee.
 Thy name I will tenderly cherish,
 Where'er I may be.
 Thy smile, like a beam of sunlight,
 The shadows of gloom can cheer,
 No other can woo or win me—
 No other is half so dear.

Oh! why may I not as a lover,
 Remember thee yet?
 Or why dost thou look on the future
 With pensive regret?
 As one who is constant and faithful,
 Whose image is sacred to me,
 Who loves me with ardent devotion,
 So will I remember thee.

Though clouds may encircle thy pathway,
 I'll banish thy care.
 Whatever in life may befall thee,
 Thy grief let me share.
 A place in thy mem'ry, beloved one,
 I cheerfully promise to thee,
 And more—wilt thou deign to accept it?
 A place in my heart for thee.



The Bridal Day.

THOUGH grief the brow hath shaded,
 And veiled the heart in gloom,
 And from the cheek hath faded
 Its wonted hue of bloom,

We banish care and sadness,
 And wipe our tears away,
 And come with joy and gladness
 To keep thy Bridal Day.

And wreaths from orange bowers
 To grace thy brow we'll twine,
 And strew thy path with flowers,
 To Hymen's holy shrine ;
 Where nuptial vows are plighted,
 And loving hearts unite,
 And friends, the while delighted,
 Behold the joyful sight.

Oh ! may conjugal pleasures
 Around thee ever shine,
 And all life's varied treasures
 Be consecrated thine ;
 That bright as rosy morning
 Thy years may glide away,
 With hopes that now are dawning
 Upon thy Bridal Day !



Master Robby's Speech on General Grant.

I'm called upon to make a speech,
 And cannot well refuse ;
 So by your leave I'll now proceed —
 All errors pray excuse.

A hero brave shall be my theme,
 Ulysses Grant his name,
 Who by his noble deeds hath won
 Distinction, glory, fame.

'Twas he our gallant armies led,
 And conquered all our foes,
 And crushed rebellion at its core,
 And brought it to a close.

And spread again our starry Flag,
 In triumph still to wave,
 Where traitors hung their worthless rag,
 And treason found a grave.

Then homeward marched our gallant troops,
 With wreaths of victory crowned,
 Oh! where can man, to equal Grant,
 In all the land be found?

Then let us join with grateful hearts,
 And honor to him pay,
 And make him chief of magistrates
 On next election day.



My Brother.

Oh! brother dear, my stricken heart
 No language finds to breathe its grief;
 And tears that oft in anguish start,
 Afford my sorrow no relief.
 Oh! can it be that thou art dead?
 Thy spirit hence forever fled?

Oh! tidings sad; oh! words of woe;
 Bereaved and crushed, how can I bear
 This piercing stroke, this heavy blow,
 That veils my soul in dark despair?
 Father of Mercy most divine,
 On me let hope and comfort shine.

Oh! brother dear, above thy tomb
 What fond, unfading mem'ries rise,
 Ere sorrow yet one shade of gloom
 Had cast o'er childhood's sunny skies ;
 And we were wont in joyous play
 To while the rosy hours away.

And when like dreams those days had flown,
 Came sad affliction's dreary night ;
 And hope's fair star but dimly shone,
 And I no more beheld the light ;
 For me sweet flowerets thou would'st twine,
 And sought to make my pleasures thine !

And ever thus, in early years,
 With loving heart and tender care,
 When grief bedewed my cheek with tears,
 Thou would'st my deepest sorrows share ;
 And like a sunbeam pure and bright,
 Didst strew my path with love and light.

And when afar in other climes,
 A brighter, fairer home was thine,
 With tender thoughts, a thousand times,
 Thy yearning heart has throbb'd for mine.
 And tokens oft, of love and care,
 Thy letters kind were wont to bear.

And still in dreams thy voice I hear,
 And feel again thy fond embrace,
 And scenes of childhood reappear,
 As when I saw thy smiling face ;
 But wake, to find the vision fled,
 And mourn thee, sleeping with the dead !

Oh! brother dear, with love enshrined,
 My heart shall still thy mem'ry keep,
 With other loved ones fondly twined,
 For whom I still in anguish weep.
 But hope to meet in realms of joy,
 Where death no more shall life destroy.

Oh! joyous hope, oh! solace sweet,
 That when this weary life is o'er,
 We shall our friends and kindred meet,
 On Canaan's bright, eternal shore.
 And dwell in peace forever there,
 And crowns of endless glory wear.



Oh! Tell Me a Tale of that Sunny Isle.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, CHARLES TAGGART, M. D.

Oh! tell me a tale of that sunny isle,
 Whose shores are kissed by the ocean wave ;
 Where the shamrock blooms, and the daisies smile—
 'Tis the home of the noble, the true, and brave.

Oh! tell me a tale of the bards that sung
 To Erin's heart in the days of yore—
 To the harp whose silvery cadence rung
 Through the vine-clad bowers of that Emerald shore.

There are thoughts that come in the twilight dim,
 When the bird sings low in its quiet nest ;
 When nature is chanting her vesper hymn,
 Ere she sinks on the bosom of night to rest ;

And they whisper soft of those halcyon hours
 When thy young heart dreamed and thy step was free ;
 When the wild sweet music of Erin's bowers
 Was wearing a mystic charm for thee.

There are crystal drops that in silence start,
 And oft in the beams of a favorite star,
 Full many a sigh from thy yearning heart
 Is borne away to that land afar.

Oh! tell me a tale of that sunny isle,
 Whose shores are kissed by the ocean wave ;
 Where the shamrock blooms and the daisies smile,—
 'Tis the home of the noble, the true, and brave.

Master Robby to his Aunt, at her Silver Wedding.

ALTHOUGH I'm very little,
 My heart is full of glee,
 And in this merry circle
 I'm happy now to be.
 Where bright and smiling faces,
 With hearts so light and gay,
 Have come with gifts of silver
 To grace your wedding day ;
 And as I'm thus delighted
 To mingle with the guest,
 To make my manners pleasant
 Will try my very best.
 And while your Silver Wedding
 Is now my happy theme,
 Accept this little token
 Of friendship and esteem.
 Oh! may your days in future
 With brighter joys abound,
 And all life's dreary moments
 With happiness be crowned.
 And round your homestead altar
 May love's sweet halo glow,
 And ever to your garner
 Bright streams of plenty flow ;
 And ev'ry ill be banished
 That could your pleasure mar,
 And all your path be lighted
 With hope's unclouded star.
 But I, with longer talking,
 Will not your time employ ;
 And for my many errors,
 Excuse a little boy.

To * * * * *

THOUGH other smiles have lighted
My path from day to day,
And other hearts requited
The love they bore away,

Yet thine has been the sweetest
That ever graced my shrine ;
Thy heart has been the warmest
That ever throbbed for mine.

Though other ties that bound me,
When youth was on my brow,
And joys that circled round me,
Are all departing now ;

And hopes that shone the brightest,
Are fading with the past ;
And life's serenest pleasures
With cares are overcast ;

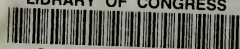
No vain regrets I'll cherish
For joys that once I had ;
Though all that's fair should perish,
My heart shall not be sad.

My lips shall never murmur,
No sorrow shade my brow ;
My heart shall still grow fonder,
And warmly beat as now ;

If but upon me beaming,
I feel thy sunny smile,
And know with true devotion
Thou lovest me the while.

Thus fair as summer even
My years shall glide away,
And life shall seem at closing,
One long, bright sunny day.

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